



The
ETHS Record

WINTER
1965

BOSTON, MASS

LIU'66

Honor Roll

NOVEMBER - DECEMBER, 1964

SECOND YEAR

Ronald A. Barker
Steven C. Baum
Thomas P. Boyle
Daniel B. Dallas
Richard E. Frankfurt
Edward J. Frazier
Marvin I. Fredberg
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Richard T. Hommel
David E. Pickering
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Clement F. Shearer
Richard Sosnowski

THIRD YEAR

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Ronald V. Buda
Michael A. Catone
Domenico F. Damato
Henry DeSantis
Sanford W. Fisher
Paul J. Hogan
Stephen P. Kobialka
Dennis J. Ryan
Michael C. Spence
Mark J. Wessling

FOURTH YEAR

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John B. Benjamin
David R. Brauner
Richard J. Cauty
Vincent W. Caristo
Joseph S. Celia
Carlos A. Curley
Norman J. Deinha
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Joseph A. Dicillo
Lawrence L. Donahue
Thomas P. Foley
Lester I. Gordon
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Robert J. Kuritsky
Lawrence C. Maguire
James R. McGreehan, Jr.
Donald T. McHugh
Anthony J. Medeiros
Theodore S. Ross
Joseph Selevicius

Norman J. Sneider
Irwin L. Swartz
Harold J. Tremonte
Francis J. Troyse
Alan R. Snyder

FIRST YEAR (ROOSEVELT ANNEX)

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Reginald G. Bird
Robert A. Brown
Michael D. Browne
Paul E. Bussey
James J. Cassetta
Robert L. Coakley
Thomas A. Connors
Robert D. Curll
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Richard R. LaCasse
Daniel Leary
Yon G. Lee
Leonard J. Mangone
Mark H. Manski
Charles A. Mattera
Paul A. McKenna
Edward J. Pearson
Victor A. Rudis
James E. Taylor
Kevin W. Whelan

SECOND YEAR (EDISON ANNEX)

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Dennis A. DiCarlo
Mark F. Doran
Robert R. Frasca
Stephen W. Karthas
Stefano S. Keel
John H. Leary
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Larry Marshall
Robert E. Ruscetti
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Editorial . . .

Individualism In the Machine Age

Today, as in centuries past, man can live in either of two ways. He may assert himself, struggle to raise his position in life, and fulfill his own instinctive creativeness. Or he may condone conformity, accept his state, and fall into an abyss of nothingness. Now, in our Western world, man — at least ideally — is held to be the former: the destroyer of decayed conventions, the builder of individual achievement, the creator of his own unique destiny. But how often has the opposite been true! How often has man been numbed and crushed by his seemingly static position in life! How often has man become one of the myriads of tools wielded by tyranny — be it of one man, of an upper class, or of an all-pervading social scheme.

I — The Individual in History

Like a vast, endlessly stretching, and sinuous vine entwining centuries with its poisonous flowers, this tyranny chokes us even today. What in ancient Egypt was the willless servitude of numberless slaves is today the apathetic conformity of mass society. And our civilization suffers because of it. Truly, the greatest civilizations were those whose members were the most individualized. In ancient Athens, for example, Socrates believed in one God, Thucydides revealed the crassness of Attic demagogues, and Euripides condemned slavery at a time when it was the basis of Greek civilization. Spanning the centuries, we find a Renaissance writer relating how no mode of fashion existed in Florence; every man dressed and acted as he pleased. Such was the conformity of two civilizations that moulded the Western mind!

Conversely, that society whose members are the least individualized exhibits symptoms of a diseased civilization. The boos and hisses that greeted a London performance of Ibsen's "A Doll House" were a horrifying revelation of the sickness of Victorian morality.

But so far, all we have reviewed are societies in the Western world; let us encompass the other side of the world, the Orient, to gain a more catholic sense of the nature of the two opposing ways of life.

II — The Clash of East and West

A static, apathetic, and fatalistic attitude towards life is usually said to be the way of the East, while a dynamic, stimulating, and willful attitude is usually said to be the basis of Western philosophy. This is not absolutely true, however. For the medieval serfs, the peasants of the "Ancien Regime" in France, and the lower classes of 19th century Europe lived in an oriental stupor similar to that of millions of Indians, Persians, and Chinese. Then, again, today many Eastern nations have been encrusted, however superficially, with Western institutions. But on the other hand, it is only in the West where widespread revolutions toward human freedom have occurred, and that is why individualism and free will are decidedly Western tenets of life.

We, as Westerners, look down upon the Easterners' way of life, their servitude,

(Continued on Page 4)

(Continued from Page 3)

their willessness, as being a way of life inferior to ours. But to Orientals we are often childish, immature, incapable of appreciating the wisdom of a Confucius or a Lao-Tse. Why struggle, they ask? Why fight a meaningless battle for a fulfillment which is only ephemeral and useless? Why not accept your fate, bow down to apathy, fall into the abyss where death is king? This is the only way to attain nirvana, disdain of all earthy things. This is the only way to soar up to heavenly ecstasy! And for Easterners this is the only way of life, a life we in the West are wrong to condemn. Imagine yourself for an instant a member of an Indian caste, one of millions in a teeming, scorching land: the earth is parched, living is difficult, staying alive from day to day is the only goal of existence, the constant ambition of life. What place has "individual achievement" here?

In truth, Western life is unfeasible in India as long as that country continues to be anchored to tradition. How ridiculous a figure Napoleon made on his expedition to Egypt, whose inhabitants he tried to incite to revolt and thus gain "freedom". The apathetic Egyptians must have laughed to themselves. Freedom? Individualism? Their whole life had been one of the oppressed, the downtrodden, the slaves of Pharaohs, Ptolemies, Caesars, Mamelukes, and Pashas! Revolt? After 5000 years of servitude? Napoleon could have done better declaiming to the Sphinx.

Thus the ways of East and West seem to be two conflicting philosophies that can never mingle. However, a new force, that of industrialization and mechanization, has entered the world, and, like a fatalistic Eastern religion, threatens to enervate Western man and reduce him to a languid complacency. The monotonies of factory labor, the dreariness of mechanized society, the "sameness" of mass civilization — all seem to indicate a fall into nirvana.

III — Conformity and Change

This nirvana, our 20th century conformity, is absurd for two reasons. First, it is not so much a conformity of ideas as materialism: you are not scorned for what you think, but for where you live; you are not belittled for what you believe, but for the status symbols you may not possess. Secondly, our present day conformity is nothing so much as a yearning back to the "good old days", before we ever had Hitler or the bomb to worry about.

Of course we are horrified by the atrocities committed by the former, we are appalled by the butchery of Auschwitz, we are sickened by the desolation of Nagasaki. But we must not long for a time when human affairs were uncomplicated, when life was pleasant and easy-going. We must not swerve our terrified eyes away from our prodigious century. For we are part of a world in transition. The crust of the earth is cracking; tradition, harmony, balance, and sweetness are qualities we may have to say good-bye to; they belong to other epochs, either past or future. For ours is the savage age, the one in which primitive forces gush forth, the one in which Tartarian powers explode.

The arts today symbolize this cosmic eruption to a world that does not want to believe it. Igor Stravinsky, in the brutal, slashing rhythms of "Rite of Spring", startled the public. Picasso, in his chaotic and tormented paintings, such as "Les Femmes d'Alger" and "Guernica", proclaims a silent doom to conventionality. Certainly Haydn or Mozart is more pleasant to the ear, Raphael more harmoniously beautiful to the eye. But these former masters, though certainly great, are not true expressions of the age. On the other hand, the ferocious vigor of a Stravinsky or a Picasso, however disagreeable, mirrors our age, a seething world of change, an epoch for individuals only.

JAMES G. STAMOULIS, '65, *Editor*



1884 - Walter F. Downey - 1965

On January 30, 1965, Walter F. Downey, 80, Headmaster Emeritus of the English High School, was buried in Mount Auburn Cemetery.

Born in Brookfield and graduated from Amherst College, Mr. Downey began his teaching career in the New York school system. He received a Master's Degree from Harvard in 1921 and a Doctorate from Amherst College in 1941.

Mr. Downey joined the E. H. S. faculty as a football coach in 1910, and became headmaster in 1922. Appointed Massachusetts Commissioner of Education in 1939, his devout loyalty returned him to the English praetorship in 1943 — it was wartime and he stated: "My boys need me." At the age of 70, Walter Downey went into formal retirement.

The mounting college costs deeply disturbed Mr. Downey, and in 1940 he organized a state loan fund for college students. Mr. Downey, a truly patriotic American, was highly aware of the growing prejudices and suspicions spreading throughout the country and, as a result, made the statement that America "must be brought up to have confidence in itself, not distrust its own membership!"

Nobody Wants Us!

by ANTHONY J. MEDAIROS, '65

It is obvious to anyone who attends a Boston public school, or is associated with one, that the school system is lacking in facilities, qualitatively and quantitatively. This very important problem has been acknowledged as one of the greatest educational handicaps in our city. The Bostonians, especially those who have school-age children, have conceded that there is need for more modern facilities and have graciously granted funds for the first step in the modernizing of the public schools. The first step is to be the construction of a new, campus-style English High School which would be a co-educational institution capable of enrolling 3000 students.

But the first step is not yet under way. Though the report of the commission asked by the city of Boston to make a study of the school system was made public more than two years ago, no concrete evidence has been shown that the school will be built in the near-future. The much needed high school is not yet under construction because of a few selfish people who, though they know the school is necessary to the education of their children, do not want the school built near their homes.

First, plans were made to use a small portion of Franklin Field as school grounds. An uproar of public dismay arose from local citizens, who clamored for the rejection of the plans and the removal of the school site to some far away location. They feared that the influx of students would upset the quiet residential neighborhood in which they live.

Of course, there is the complaint that the construction of the new English High School would require the taking of park land. This is unfortunate, but there seems to be no other solution. If the city were to buy the land required (at a minor fortune, I might add) it would require the razing of many homes and businesses. Now, most people know that the "New Boston" has already leveled thousands of homes, creating a scarcity of low cost housing, and has uprooted many businesses, losing precious tax revenue for the city. Any more *destruction before construction* is out of the question.

The second site chosen was at Columbia Point. Here

is privately owned, but unoccupied, land with sufficient room for any project of this magnitude. But again, the citizens rose up, demonstrating against a new school in that section. Columbia Point is a very densely populated, semi-isolated section of the city with a population of about 4500 children. This neighborhood is in desperate need of schools, stores, and churches, yet the citizens there denied their children the advantages of a near-by, modern high school, so that they themselves would have the convenience of a yet-to-be-built shopping center which could be constructed on any number of other near-by sites.

Perhaps the best choice of a site was the third. This site is at one end of the huge park which contains Columbia Stadium. Here is an open expanse of park land with hundreds of acres of public land nearby. In this area alone are located Columbia Stadium, Carson Beach, L Street Beach, and a little farther up the coast—Pleasure Bay and Castle Island. So there is no reasonable complaint of the possibility of a dearth of recreation area. The proposed area is a dismal section of the park at the end closest to the Old Colony Housing Project, a section seldom used because of inadequate facilities and poor park grounds.

Here, too, the residents cried to the Mayor, "Don't take the park land." But even with this poor section of Columbia Park taken for the school, everybody would eventually benefit by the improvements in the remainder of the park. These people never stop to think of the benefits that would be heaped upon the schools of their children after this first, wonderful step in the modernization of the school system. For, without the first step, how can the second and the third be taken?

Now, there is little hope that the new English High School will be built in the near future. Land is scarce and expensive; people are just as narrow-minded in every district of the city. But unless some immediate steps are taken for the construction of the new English High School, I'm afraid that many more generations of children will attend dilapidated schools and be hindered in their future growth in this world of science and technology.

My Kingdom for A Caliper

by JOHN T. KEARNEY, '65

I

The South is an icon of stately demise into shapeless decay.

Its columned palaces, in mossy scabbards, tilt and settle in the rotting turf.

Like shagreen do the ribboned avenues
Coil damply underneath the heady vines.
The tides are sluggish in the weed-choked wash
Of endless basins and polluted swamps,
Where ibises and silk flamingoes wing
Their aery ways through dusky nebulae.
And creatures of the darkness lie in wait,
In spectral grottoes and in Stygian deeps,
To bear away a simpleton to Hell,
Through leagues of putrefactive timbrelands.
And cower when the voice of Man is heard,
And Man's machines invade their subtle coves.
And pump in oil and acid — acid — oil,
And sift through salt the humid, steaming soil.

II

The Southern hills are worn away to naught;
They blister in the sunwarmth, gell with frost
In autumntime and Saturnalia —
Bleak Saturnalias of blackened stumps
And blackened souls and rustlings under snows:—
For cities under cities rule the hills,
Their furry, feathered, scaly natives sleep
In calm commitment for the winter months;

But, from the windfall in the woods, over
the meadows, through glades and swamps, touching
the sun with diamonded heels,

Sail whitetail deer, chastising drones and men,
Sniffing for vanished perfumes on the wind,
Baiting the farmyard hounds through glen and close,
Bounding into the gravy-coloured wash
Of the Atlantic, for the noblest sport.
Ho! Hunters! Hunted!: Dullards use these terms:
Rabbits in terror run, but bears and bulls
And boars and bison turn in bloody bay;
Pert foxes leave their adversaries fools;
And stags leap laughing over fallen oaks.
That was the South — embodied in a stag,
Who frolicked while Pandora oped her bag.

III

All Southern towns are recognisable:
Their architects with pitchforks laid the stones
And bricks and ash-stilts of foundation-beds.
Each town's bisector is an iron track,
Or no-man's land of merchants' boulevard.
One shabby lane of founding-fathers' homes,
With genteel poverty in bombazine;
Two streets of mill-town brash patrimony;
Two more of splay-foot toadies to their wealth;
Five streets of beefy mill-hands dotted with
Gas-stations, beaneries, and urined bars.

A town-hall and a Methodist Commune;
And for the blacks a dunkard Baptist cave.

Abandoned pest-house, saw-mill, jails, and shrines
In honour of pellagra, and old wines.

This is the South.

"Here Lies Eric Taylor . . ."

by CHARLES A. CURLEY, '65

Eric lay in the yellow filth while burnt black muck wove its way up his pant legs, slimily coating each pore of his body. The air he breathed, or tried to breathe, wreaked of vomit and decayed corpses. His mouth tasted of stenching blood and steel. And a hideous cloak of gunsmoke draped the ground between him and the enemy.

It had taken three days for Mell to die, three agonizing days filled with piercing screams and tears. The shrapnel had been too close to Mell's heart to operate, so he had been allowed to live, even if only briefly and painfully. John and Sam had been sent home only after each had been dismembered. How long would it take for him to meet the same fate?

Why was he here? His family and friends had labeled him traitor when he refused to enlist, but the army had drafted him. Why were they fighting? So that some anonymous citizen might live in safety in a democratic heaven on earth? Would he return home without a hand, or leg? Maybe he might lose only an ear. Subject to disdain if he didn't go, subject to ridicule when he returned home—incomplete. Maybe he'll play a guitar on Tremont Street, perhaps sell

pencils in front of Suffolk Downs, begging for a few coins, just to survive.

He was only seventeen and yet life held nothing for him. Tomorrow it was rumored that the advance enemy force would reach the trench. He knew that the enemy would take prisoners, torture them, and doubtless gather information from them. He realized prisoners would be the playthings, the puppets of some political leader, and liable to mutilation at their whim. In any case, prisoners were never mercifully killed; they were too amusing.

"The hell with this," he screamed, and madly rushed gun in hand toward the enemy. "I'm not gonna suffer." He fired wildly at an invisible enemy, knowing all was in vain. Then it happened. First his leg felt a sharp, all-releasing blow as blood spurted over the ground. He could still survive he thought, so he staggered onward. Then his arm, chest, and stomach seemed to burst, and he fell. He felt life trickling out; he saw his life painting a hideous portrait on the scorched earth. He knew it would be soon and he was happy; a feeling he had not experienced for months. He died with a smile on his face, peacefully, in the midst of war.

The Eternal Struggle

by WILLIAM T. GARTLAND, '66

Crying river,
Bleeding, stinking blood
With veins dirtied by nature's foes.

What foes?
War.

And what is war?
Is war death?

Nay, war is life, for without life, no war will be.

And what is life?

Life is death.
For without death life cannot exist.

Is life death?
Nay, for death brings life.

Is death life?
Nay, for one cannot die without life.

Life is war, and war is death.

But are they one?

Nay, for life goes to war, and war goes to death,
as does life.
They are two, for death stands alone.

But it cannot,
For death comes from life,
And with life comes war.

What is this circle?
It is existence.

What is existence?
It is eternity.
Eternity is the torch.

Life is but a flicker in this torch.

War brings death.

And death lights the torch.

A Trip to U. N. Territory

November 27, 1964

by PAUL T. DOUGLASS, '65

Photographs by JOHN J. VENUTI, '66



To the delight of the 42 U.N. "delegates" from the Boston English High School, the weather could not have been more pleasurable. The boys, though a bit sullen after Boston Latin's close victory over their arch rivals, seemed glad to be making the annual trip. After meeting the students at 8:30 at South Station, Mr. Devore took attendance. The decorum of the boys was carefully watched over by MM. Johnson, Berkowitz, and DiGirolamo, who were all present to make the trip along with such a "well-behaved group of men".

Just before the group boarded the 9:00 train, a photographer from the "Record-American" took a fine picture of the entire group on the station walkway.

The journey down to the "Big City" was enjoyable to all. However, the group wasn't to have the experience of eating in the dining car, because there just simply was none. Most of our "men" either explored the train, read their favorite books, played cards, or chatted with the humorous Mr. "Di". Most of the boys brought turkey lunches to eat while travelling.

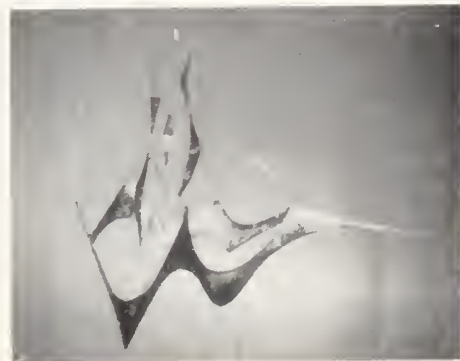
Our merry group arrived at bustling Grand Central Station at about 1:30 P.M. The group seemed quite interested in the spacious main lobby of the great terminal. Proceeding down 42nd Street amidst hurrying Christmas shoppers, the boys were amazed at the towering skyscrapers looming above. Walking down a few blocks, our "delegates" finally came to 1st Avenue on the other side of which is located the U.N. headquarters.

After Mr. Devore had made arrangements for a guided tour through the various buildings, the group was led to a hall where the tours begin. To the "men's" delight, the guide was a very attractive young lady. She first showed a scale model of the entire U.N. Headquarters. Then she led the boys to the various council rooms, such as those of the Trusteeship, Security, and Economic and Social Councils. Unfortunately, the General Assembly was not to be in session until Dec. 1, 1964. Here, in the Assembly Room, the tour ended.

Shortly afterwards, the boys were shown to a small conference room for a brief discussion with Mr. Rossi Arno, the Counsellor of the Italian Embassy to the U.N. Mr. Arno gave a very interesting and informative lecture concerning Italy's mission to the U.N. Mr. Arno discussed the purposes and functions of the various councils which help keep peace in our troubled world. One topic of his discussion was the financial status of nations represented at the U.N.; he spoke especially of Russia's refusal to pay her enormous debt. During a question and answer period, the group questioned Mr. Arno about the U.N. (Didn't I hear someone in the group say that Mr. Arno somewhat resembled Leslie Nielson?)

When it was time to leave, we were decidedly under the spell of the U.N. After eating a "fine meal" at the "Automat", the boys took a stroll up to sparkling Times Square. What better guide could they have had than Mr. Berkowitz?

In behalf of the fortunate boys who went to the U.N., I should like to express my deepest gratitude to MM. Devore, Johnson, Berkowitz, and of course, to Mr. "Di".



Letters to the Editor

THE RECORD WAS DROWNED IN A CATASTROPHIC OF CRITICISM BECAUSE OF ITS "INTELLECTUAL" CONTENT. SOME OF THE LEAST OFFENSIVE LETTERS WERE:

Dear Editor,

While reading the magazine, I felt as though I were studying some "high-fallutin" abstract philosophy. It seems to me students do enough studying (at least I do); we look forward to a little entertainment or enjoyment out of the school magazine. D.B.

Dear Editor,

If the *Record* is the students' magazine, it should contain more of the things that are closer to students, including references to coming events that most students would be interested in. The *Record* should be intimate with the student body and conscious of the large number of activities that are constantly going on in the school itself. This is the most important function of the magazine — reporting news directly connected with the school. C.R.

Dear Editor,

It is quite evident from your first issue that you are trying to inject culture into the magazine. Some of this is necessary, but is so much necessary? "Athens, Aeschylus, and Tragedy", "Dante's Vision of Purgatory", and "What to Look for in Art", is an overabundance of culture for one issue. As you say in your editorial, "enough of classics". How about something down to earth? J.F.

Dear D.B., C.R., J.F., and Others,

The day when the function of the school magazine is reduced to announcing school events and to humouring bored students would indeed be a dismal one. The Record's purpose is to stimulate the student body to a discovery of mind, spirit, and individualism, and to a realization of meaningful, profound undercurrents of life that are the most "down to

earth" of all. Whether this "discovery" be through essays on classics or original stories is immaterial. What is all-important is that the Record's function be not to report, but to create, not to entertain (though most of the articles are enjoyable) but to stimulate. Editor

Dear Editor,

Some of the poetry was obscure, erratic, and difficult to understand. P.S.

Dear P.S.,

The best poetry is not always the easiest to understand. Try to realize that the author is trying to express his own personal vision. This vision may seem obscure at first, but an open minded rereading will help in discerning the writer's meaning. Editor

Dear Editor,

At first glance I could see that the teachers had revised the grammar and composition to achieve the highly polished state of the *Record*. D.B.

Dear D.B.,

I ain't so sure you knows what you're talking about. Us guys on the Record can write a grammatical correct sentence witout the help of no teacher. Editor

Dear Editor,

At the end of the poem, "The Secret Passage", there is no reason to say, "the hell with it." This detracts from the humour of the article and presents a rather dirty ending. D.B.

Dear D.B.,

The poem's ending, "the hell with it", is entirely the typesetter's fault. My ending is "TO hell with it." J. T. KEARNEY

JACOB

Text and drawing by JOHN T. SHEEDY, '65

In his waking Jacob heard the ringing of bells. He was chasing an ice-cream man who was just behind the next building. The nickel he had for him was smooth and thick between his fingers. Jacob ran through an alley, over empty boxes and between large tin barrels to exchange it for a cone. But his large clumsy feet tripped him, and he fell on bits of broken glass and stone between the two dark walls.

"Shut off that damn clock, boy." It was Willum in the kitchen. The yellow sunlight fell through the window in grey squares onto the bedspread. Jacob sat up and took a deep breath, stretching his long, big-jointed arms in an effort to loosen the stiffened limbs. It was good coffee that he smelled; hot and black and fit to kill the taste of morning. The door of his bedroom opened to the kitchen where Willum sat. The old Negro's finely veined brown hand held a coffee mug with a broken grasp. The other hand was loosely curled on his lap. "Morning, boy. Have a cup," he said while handing Jacob some coffee. Then, "You gonna finish up that portrait of me today?"

"I guess so Willum, but first I think I'll take a walk and let my mind air out."

"There's fresh snow on the ground, you wanna wear my boots?"

"No, that's all right, I've got heavy shoes. On the way back I'll get some food and tobacco and maybe old Moneypenny will sell me some paper for half price."

"Half price? Ha! That old rock squeezer'll double charge you just for the fun of it."

"Maybe so, but he's still the only dealer in Boston who sells second-hand art supplies. You can't find things much cheaper anywhere else."

Jacob closed the door behind him and started down the dark hallway. Opening the door to the street, he squinted at the bright snow which coated everything around him. Sparrows darted over and behind buxom pigeons, flying off with what little bread they could find under charitable windows. Puppies gamboled between snow-encrusted barrels, kicking up a miasma of white powder and garbage wherever they went: Why does everyone seem to like the snow? he thought. Maybe because it covers everything up. I'm a pessimist, he thought. I won't finish that portrait of Willum. It's good, though. But I won't finish it. Arnold, he thought. Arnold's home from Europe and he's coming over to see me today. God, it'll be good to see him again.

(Continued on page 27)





MEDITERRANEAN VOYAGE

Text and Drawings
by JAMES G. STAMOULIS, '65

PART I

In 1960, on the basis of a composition written in Greek, I won a trip to the Mediterranean. The details would bore you; I hope my story won't.

I departed from New York with 40 other American boys on the S.S. Queen Frederika, a 40,000 ton ocean liner that seemed to me the epitome of all the wealth and luxury the world had to offer. The ocean crossing itself was indescribably soothing—you'd have to sleep in a berth with the waves rocking beneath you, or look out your cabin window to see dolphins leaping in and out of the water to know what I mean.

Our first port of call was Gibraltar, a picturesque city with white buildings dotting the gray, massive

and seemingly impregnable Rock. No sooner had we entered the harbor than a swarm of little boats and dories clustered around our ship. "American tourists! American tourists!", yelled the skippers (in Spanish of course), as if God had sent them manna from heaven. The vacationers on board bargained with the traders for everything from a red torero cape to an Eskimo harpoon (how they got that I'll never know).

Our ship dragged out of the harbor at dawn, just as the sun was edging up the Rock. Sicily was next—Sicily with its lushly green tropical landscape and gay, unaffected cities. Then we headed for Italy and docked at dusk in the harbor of Naples. You feel

(Continued on page 13)

at once a peculiar essence in Naples, one that suffuses over the Mediterranean — an essence strange and new to any American. Encrusted with magnificent mellow baroque palaces and eerie crumbling castles, like barnacles on a ship, Naples, you realize at once, is like no city in America.

After disembarking from our ship, we wandered around the city. I noticed hundreds of Neapolitans gayly promenading around the crescent bay, and was thus introduced to a wonderful Mediterranean custom — the evening stroll. After the afternoon siesta, Southern Europeans dress up and turn out en masse for the social event of the day. Old cronies call to each other, matrons chatter, and little children weave in and out of the crowd. But the prime function of the promenade is to provide a chance for teenagers of the opposite sex to meet each other. Boys 14 to 20 travel in groups, eying passing girls. And the girls return the shyest, most enticing glances imaginable. But the older Neapolitans fascinated me most. There is something about them — their faces seem wise and shrewd and sadly serene. They seemed to comprehend all sorts of profound things we Americans couldn't.

Athens, with its golden acropolis and bustling wharves, was our last port of call. We boarded a bus to take us to our camp in the Attican mountains. The Attican landscape smolders with life and color. Here in New England, we are accustomed to a serene, calm type of scenery — soft shade trees, grassy hills, murmuring streams. In Attica, everything is vibrant — the orange parched earth in striking contrast to the black cypress trees, and the sky, glowing with light, like an almost opaque blue screen emitting a golden sheen.

We were in our camp, nestled deep within the mountains of Attica, the same day. As soon as we had arrived, the Greek boys swarmed around us, treating us with awe and respect. It incensed me, however, to hear an Ohio boy whisper, "Damn foreigners," as he surveyed the camp with contempt. We were later parceled out — 2 Americans with 10 Greeks in every tent. As I began to unpack, in the midst of awkward silence a delegation of Greek boys advanced to my bunk. "Hi! What is your name?" "James." "Did you hear that!", they yelled with delight to each other, "He can speak Greek; an American can speak Greek!" The Greek boys themselves were revelations,—small, dark, and sinewy, subtly shrewd yet naively friendly. By this time Greece, with its stark, dramatic landscape and frank, hospitable people, had enchanted us all except that wretch from Ohio.

* * * *

After a few days in camp, we were ready to take our first journey — to a little mountain village, Agia Trias, which has left an indelible mark on my mind. How vividly I remember that day! The temperature was well into the hundreds — hot even for Attica. The parched earth seemed to sizzle — every black stone seemed to simmer under the searing sun. The crowded bus we boarded was full of bronzed villagers, who looked like the inhabitants of some inferno, and our faces soon became hotly red enough to mingle easily with the crowd's. Then a charming scene ensued. A smartly dressed young Athenian had got up to give his seat to a grizzled old peasant. The peasant snarled:

"What did you get up for?"

(Continued on page 29)



Clues

DOWN

1. Vagabond
2. A prefix (Greek)
3. My (Spanish)
4. "Blacksmith's" song
5. Polonius' kin
6. Make a mistake
7. Promoter of Shrewsburies (abbr.)
8. A common Scottish name
9. Encounters
10. Pointed tool
11. To bubble
12. Extremity
14. Pronoun
18. 11 across
19. Approval
22. Lucy and —
25. Article
26. To the (Spanish)
27. Lieutenant
29. An Australian bird
30. Egyptian queen
34. Manner of employing
35. Boob
36. An interrogative utterance
38. Antimony
39. He speaks (Spanish)
41. Oranges, lemons, limes
42. Roadway
43. Moorish palace near Granada, Spain
47. A prefix and/or suffix
49. Vessels
50. Open ———!
51. An artery
53. Ku Klux Klan
56. Note of the chromatic scale
58. Doctor
59. An insect
61. Preposition
63. The choice social class
68. Bark
70. To whimper
71. — Haw!
72. Boar
73. South Carolina
76. Street (abbr.)
78. An exclamation
81. Chlorine

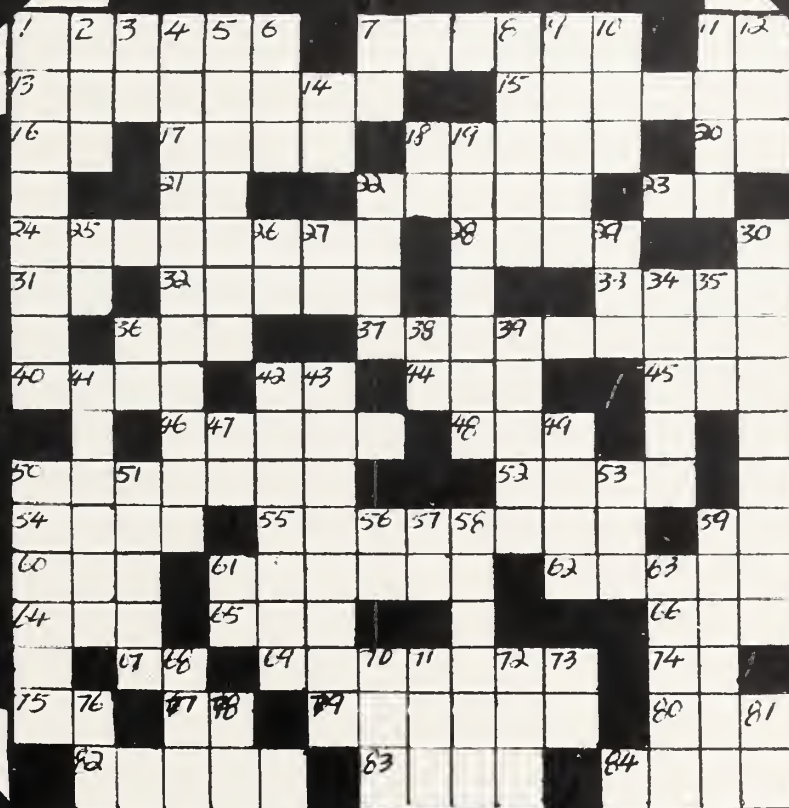
ACROSS

1. Opposite
7. Hat made from palm leaves
11. To — or not to —
13. In revolt (3 wds.)
15. Isaac —
16. Soldier
17. Muy or tres
18. Doughnut-shaped roll
20. I had (contr.)
21. To go (Sp. or Fr.)
22. Premiere
23. To the (Spanish)
24. Story in folklore
28. Infinitive of "sum" (Latin)
31. Pronoun
32. Irish, Welch, etc.
33. Calliope, Clio, Erato, etc.
36. A secondary school
37. ——— — 7 across
40. Reflection of sound
42. Mama
44. — marathon, April 19
45. A suffix
46. Royal domain of kingdom
48. President of U.S.A.
50. Steadfast
52. Erie or Ontario
54. Cupid's counterpart
55. S. American, insect-eating quadruped
59. A prefix
60. Senor
61. To regard highly
62. A form of trap shooting
64. A performance
65. A small flap
66. A wreath
67. Yes
69. Goodbye ———
74. Pronoun
75. 3rd singular of "ser" (Spanish)
77. Sigh
79. Pertinent to arenas
80. Tender Loving Care
82. November birthstone
83. A safecracker
84. English prime minister in 1846

Cross Word Puzzle

by KENNETH R. BROWNE, '65

Design by FRANKLIN LIU, '66



(Solution on page 30)

A Photograph

by ROBERT KURITSKY, '65

Essay by JOHN T. SHEEDY, '65

The photograph on the opposite page is of something that all of us have seen a hundred times, but few of us have actually looked at. As well as being a clear, accurate picture of the doorway and library windows of our school, it is a pleasing aspect of what could very well be monotonous subject matter. If the picture were a straightforward aspect of the front of the building, if the shades in the library had not been down in such a way that they offered interesting contrast to the row of windows, and if the flag, instead of thrusting up and out at an angle to the parallel lines behind it from its perpendicular base, had been photographed head-on, making it also parallel and perpendicular, the photograph would have been a failure. So we see that the subject matter is the least important element of a good picture. The whole success of such an endeavor lies in the ability of the photographer to see the potentials and interesting particulars of his subject. There is no such thing as "bad" subject matter. A screen door, some trash cans in an alley, a woman drinking coffee in her kitchen, a snow-covered park bench, a dented piece of tin beside some stones at the base of a tree, or the under side of the tracks of an elevated train are all worthy subjects for the imaginative photographer. And yet they are things that almost all of us see every day.

In the photograph we are considering, the smooth stone of the door and window framework, the intricate pattern of the bricks, the ruffled cloth flag, the wooden door, the panelled library windows—through which show the shadows of the panels and the crawling vines—are all examples of textures. The contrasting of rough grain and hard rock and smooth glass give body and meaning to abstract shapes. A simple

potato sack wrapped about a glass flask in front of a wood panel offers enough variety of texture to be pleasing to the eye. When we buy a suit of clothes, a tie, a shirt, a pair of shoes, we feel the texture of these articles to determine their quality. The grain of mahogany is much richer than the grain of plywood. Though either would make a strong chair or a firm table, the mahogany is preferable because of its fine grain. In the same way a photographer is critical about the textures revealed to his camera eye.

In the picture on the opposite page the variety of intensity is an important element in the composition. If you squint your eyes you will more easily see the contrast of the dark areas against the light. In the windows you will see a series of dark ells, the bases growing wider from left to right. Under the arc of the doorway is a curved-wedge shadow resembling a sickle over the two dark windows on the doors. Then there is the dark flag-pole, its supports and their shadows all of which form an interesting network of "U"s leading from the center off to the right.

Although you may not consciously notice any of the elements that I have mentioned, they nevertheless register in your mind and are the reason for your liking or disliking a photograph, or even a painting for that matter. A good photograph reflects more than the skill and ingenuity of the photographer; it reflects the sensitivity of those who see it. The opposite photograph is an example of the many elements which combine to ruin or immortalize a subject. The trick is in the ability to see when a photographer has captured the essence of his subject as well as simply having been aware of its potentials.



Clubs

by PAUL T. DOUGLASS, '65
and ANTHONY J. MEDAIROS, '65

CHESS CLUB

The English High School chess club was organized last September to compete with other high schools in Greater Boston. The English High chess club is a member of the Greater Boston Interscholar League or G. B. I. At the present time English High stands fifth among seven or eight other institutions, including Boston Tech, Boston Latin, Arlington High, Newton South High, Cambridge Latin, and Brookline High. The games are held either at those schools or at English High itself. The Chess Club is loyally supervised by Mr. Shelton who is ably assisted by Co-captains, Philip Timko and Joseph Salemi. The team is comprised of ten men, each of which is called a "board". Team practices are held often, about every day from 7:30 A.M. to 8:30 A.M., in a special home-room. Special meetings are held before each scheduled game. Boys who are interested in chess or individuals who wish to play the game are urged to join this club. Perhaps, with more enthusiasm on the part of the student body, our chess team would be in a higher standing than it is. This educational game, though complicated, helps to train one's mind to concentrate more efficiently.

COIN CLUB

This educational and enjoyable organization, under the direction of Mr. Krutter is not an inter-school group, but rather a discussion period in which the members discuss new coins, old coins, valuable pieces, and coins with rare mistakes on them. The group, which consists of 12 men, trade coins and study various coin newspapers and leaflets such as the "Coin World." Making intense studies and investigations of coins, the boys acquire much knowledge of the history of coins and other types of barter.

DISCUSSION CLUB

The Discussion Club meets every Monday after school in room 108 under the supervision of Mr. Creedon. John Sarkisian is President; Ronald Cardoos, Vice-President; and Russell Kassatly, Secretary. There are presently about fifteen members, but new members are welcome.

The Discussion Club is not a debating society, but rather a group of boys who discuss the controversial issues of the day. At the end of each meeting the members decide what topic will be discussed next week, and by the next meeting they are well enough acquainted with the subject to speak logically about it. Another thing: Mr. Creedon does not control the discussion, but instead supervises them so that there is no misinformation injected into the arguments.

DRAMA CLUB

The Drama Club holds its meetings on Tuesday afternoons in room 107 under the supervision of Mr. Willits. John Kearney is President and John Sarkisian Vice-President.

Previously this year, the Drama Club had been working on a play called "Dandy Dick," but due to unforeseen obstacles the President has changed it. At present the members are studying "Arsenic and Old Lace". Up to now, however, the Drama Club has not actually put on a play. For the past few years the members have tried to gather enough support from school officials and the student body to produce a play and put it on the stage. But they have not received the support. As it looks now, the Drama Club is an organization for studying plays, not producing and performing them.

God the Machine

by JAMES G. STAMOULIS, '65

It was Sunday, October 10, 2075. A serene swarm of religious devotees, with a look of gleeful expectation in their eyes, clustered outside the First National Church, New York's newest and most fashionable place of worship. All the "right" people were there, the men gleaming in their silver and gold jackets, and the matrons of society looking suitably fussy in their sable dresses. Anxiously awaiting their weekly catharsis, the congregation forgot all about the important things in life — that new televisual autophone and that long-awaited troposphere self-conditioner. Yes, all except God was forgotten as the congregation solemnly filed into church.

And what a marvel of architecture the new cathedral was! Its stainless steel facade was tastefully ornamented with protruding spikes; but it was the interior that fairly seethed with religion. The congregation sensed this spiritually-charged atmosphere as they silently entered and sat back in their swivel chairs. "Automatic controls," squealed Annelida Myers to Bessie Hagworth.

Yes, Annelida, automatic controls! Each and every aluminum pew was equipped with a set of buttons, much to the delight of Bessie's children. Sebastian, a pious altar boy, began to howl, "I wanna push a button!" Mrs. Hagworth, that obese paragon of polite society, that living mass of rolling and dripping fat, graciously acceded. At once a Byzantine incense, a musky odor compounded of myrrh and H₂SO₄, was suffused over the pew. "I'm beginning to feel very religious," Annelida confided to Mrs. Hagworth. And so were the other worshippers, Annelida, as they experimented with various buttons and odors, and had a jolly fun time at it, too.

And just at this ideally psychological moment, the service began. Pounding, slashing rhythms crashed through the nave, emitted from the electronic organ somewhere in the transept. Then two cacophonous drums pierced the ears, as purple beams of light

splashed over the darkened church, and were gradually focused on the altar. The booming drums reached a crescendo, as the stainless steel doors behind the altar grated open, and revealed only darkness. Then, in front of the altar the floor gaped open, and slowly and majestically, a tremendous, maddeningly intricate machine rose up, heaven-bound, until it reached its maximum height of forty feet.

"I AM THE LORD THY GOD AND THOU SHALT HAVE NO OTHER FALSE GODS BEFORE ME," roared this Moloch from a recording deep within its holy of holies. The voice repeated its theme, and the message reverberated through the church, causing the collective backbone of the congregation to liquefy. It was all too much for the frightened Sebastian, who began to whimper pathetically. However, after one slap from Mrs. Hagworth, the atheistic little urchin became once again devoutly quiet.

Now, crackling rhythms—like whips on the nerves—and taurian bellows were effused from the Gargantuan machine, until the gray steel glowed with a white, celestial light. "I am in ecstasy," Mrs. Hagworth confidently announced. She then rose up, waved her arms wildly in the air, yelled *Salve Dei* once or twice, and fell to the floor with a rapturous thud. The rest of the congregation followed suit. One by one they experienced their own little bourgeois ecstasies . . .

After an hour of repose, the congregation was sufficiently rested to leave the cathedral. Annelida and Mrs. Hagworth, sauntering down the church steps, joyously poured out their religious experiences. "Wasn't it just marvelous," exclaimed Annelida. "The religion coordinators have really outdone themselves. I thought last year's God Image, you remember, the DNA molecule colossus, was THE God for all time, but heavens, this machine is far more inspiring." "Yes, you're absolutely right," replied Mrs. Hagworth. "I haven't felt so devout in years."

Sports . . .

Basketball

by WILLIAM D. HANRAHAN, '65

English 61, Trade 68

In the opening contest of the City League season, the Blue suffered a heartbreaking defeat at the hands of a powerful Trade School squad. English dominated play from the outset with a relentless running attack sparked by the rebounding of Al Barunas and the scoring of Pettigrew, and stunned the heavily favored Trade team by going off at the half with a ten-point edge. The third period was merely a repeat of the first half, and it appeared that a major upset was in the making. Unfortunately the roof fell in and despite a game effort on the part of the E.H.S. five, the gangling Trade quintet tallied an amazing 33 points in the final period, and by so doing eked out a 7 point victory. The high scorer for the Blue was Henry Ross with 17, followed by Floyd with 16 points. Big Al Barunas did a fine defensive job on high scoring Milt Wornum, until he was taken out of the game in the final period.

English 45, Tech 73

The Blue simply could not get untracked against a swift striking Technical five, and were soundly defeated by the score of 73 to 45. The outcome was never in doubt as Tech gained an early advantage and continued to add to their lead seemingly without a great deal of effort. Pettigrew led the English scorers with 10 points and along with Al Barunas on the boards made up the bright spots in an otherwise dismal performance against the top squad in the City League.

English 59, Dorchester 44

Rebounding from a recent defeat at the hands of Technical High, the Blue "Bombers" overwhelmed perennially hapless Dorchester High and in so doing gained their initial success of the season. The victory was extremely sweet because it was achieved by a stirring uphill battle capped by an explosive scoring spurt in the fourth period that iced the verdict in favor of E.H.S. Top scorers for the Blue were Henry Ross and Pettigrew who netted a respectable 14 points apiece. Al Barunas turned in another fine effort and again dominated the defensive boards. The win should have served to inspire the squad for the remainder of the season.

English 66, B.C. High 70

English turned in its finest performance of the season only to suffer a bitter defeat by the speedy Eaglets, led by the spectacular performance of Terry Driscoll who accounted for 42 of 70 B.C.H. points. Play was extremely close throughout the first half, with the lead changing hands several times; and the Eaglets left the Court with a scant 3 point advantage. In the third quarter the two evenly matched teams swapped buckets, and the decision was very much in doubt. The fourth quarter was furiously contested, but when the smoke cleared the Blue was again on the short end of the score, this time by a mere four points. High scorer for E.H.S. was Pettigrew, who played a remarkable ballgame and tallied 24 points. He was followed by Gibson with 16 and Overshown with 13.

English 76, Latin 88

Against traditional rival Latin School, the Blue tallied their highest point total of the season only to surrender an even greater number of buckets and sustained their fourth defeat in five games. E.H.S. trailed from the opening tap and could never muster a defense stout enough to stem the tide of the Latin School's offense. Once again Pettigrew led all scorers with an impressive total of 33 points, but his individual effort was insufficient singly to carry an otherwise lethargic team. Only big pivot Al Barunas with 12 points and a like number of rebounds displayed the same desire as that of Pettigrew; and unless the squad could shake the doldrums, the second half of the season would be as dismal as the first.

English 49, Trade 71

The Blue was completely overwhelmed by the huge Trade school quintet and could muster nothing even faintly resembling an offensive. Although the game was fairly close at the half, it was due more to a mediocre shooting performance by the Traders rather than to a sterling effort on the part of English. The second half was a complete rout as the Blue was held to a mere twenty points while Trade struck for a total forty, and therein lies the tale. The sole Englishman to register in double figures was big

Henry Ross with 12. On the whole it was another disastrous effort by a squad that apparently specialized in dismal performances.

English 65, Tech 73

Against powerful Tech, E.H.S. raced to an early lead and successfully maintained it throughout the entire first half. The Blue stifled every attempt by Tech to mount an offensive, while they scorched the strings for 38 points, holding the league leaders to 23 markers. Apparently overwhelmed at the prospect of upending the Champs, the boys in Blue lapsed into one of their patented third-period flops and in the process allowed victory to elude them for the sixth time in seven games. Despite several flashes of brilliance it was evident that E.H.S. lacked the overall scoring balance which is so necessary for a successful season. Leading the scorers as usual was the consistently hot-shooting Pettigrew who notched 23 points and set up several fine plays. Ross and Gibson followed with 14 and 12 points respectively.

English 49, Dorchester 56

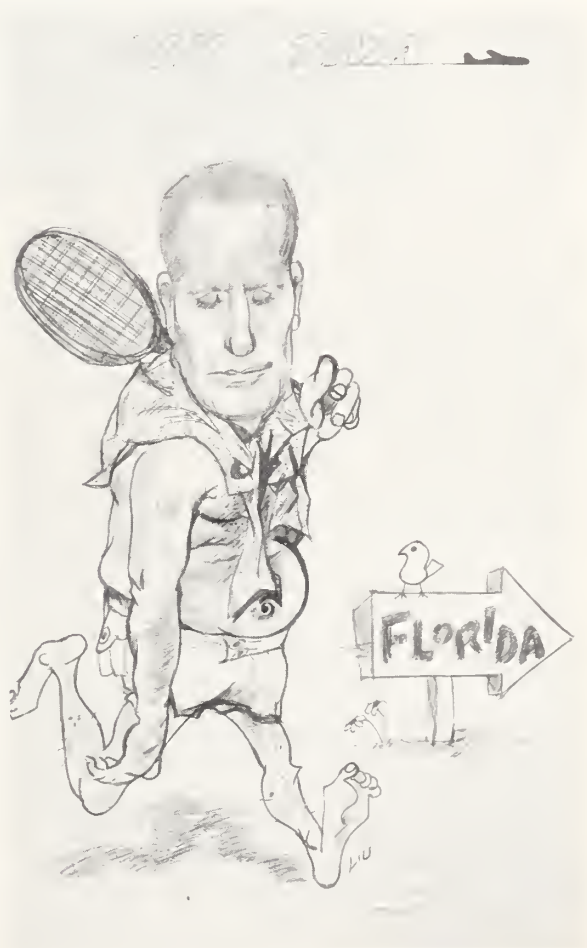
For the sixth consecutive game, and the seventh time in their last eight contests, E.H.S. went down to defeat, this time at the hands of lowly Dorchester. The contest was close throughout the first half, at the end of which English was leading by a slight three points. But as had happened in past contests, the lead was quickly dissolved, and the game was lost early in the fourth quarter. High men for the Blue were Pettigrew and Gibson, each of whom tallied 12 points. This game was a further indication that a strong bench is essential in the forming of a fine team, and if ours had been utilized by allowing the tired regulars to rest occasionally, the season's record would not have been nearly as poor as it was.

English 49, B.C.H. 62

For the entire first half, E.H.S. ran with the Eaglets and matched them hoop for hoop, while limiting the scoring of B.C.'s Terry Driscoll. But as has been the pattern in previous games, the cohesive spirit which marks the first half performances of the Blue disappeared entirely in the second half of play, and this lapse enabled the Eaglets to "walk away" with another victory. The bright lights for English were the stellar performances of Al Barunas, who performed admirably on both offense and defense, and Henry Ross who cleared both boards successfully. With only one game remaining on the schedule, it was inevitable that English High would terminate its most disastrous season in recent years, regardless of the outcome of the final game.

English 57, Latin 55

The Blue finished an otherwise dismal year by upsetting arch-rival Boston Latin in the season's finale. This victory was the result of employing a furious running game in the first half, and then hanging on tenaciously to the scant lead in the final minutes of play, to squeeze by the Latin School for only the second victory of the year. It was a satisfying victory in that the Purple was favored to vanquish E.H.S. by a comfortable margin. High scorers for the Blue were Henry Ross and Michael Goodless who tallied 17 and 11 points respectively. It is unfortunate that Goodless did not see more action during the season as he adequately demonstrated his ability to score in clutch situations. There is not much that can be said in summing up the misfortunes of the past season, and the most charitable summation would be that it was a building year and better things are looked for in the near future. Many thanks to Mr. King for his able leadership and perseverance in the face of adversity.



Hockey

by WILLIAM D. HANRAHAN, '65

Photographs by ROBERT J. KURITSKY, '65



E.H.S. 2, Tech 2

If the opening game of the City League season was an indication of things to come, English and Tech should have been vying for the title down to the final game. This first encounter resulted in a thrill-packed 2-2 standoff with neither team demonstrating a clear-cut advantage over the other. The Blue tallied first as Steve Carroll slapped a loose puck by the sprawling Tech goalie early in the opening frame. Tech quickly countered, and as the buzzer signifying the close of the period sounded, the issue was very much in doubt. As the second period began, English again gained a goal advantage on a score by Capt. Joe DiCicco from close in, and maintained this slim bulge throughout the remainder of the period. However, the Blue was unable to hold this lead as Tech once again came from behind to gain a stalemate. This was an exciting encounter and this rivalry should have proved a welcome shot-in-the-arm for the waning Arena attendance.

E.H.S. 9, Trade 3

In the second game of the young season, E.H.S. put the Traders to rout by amassing 9 goals in the

first two periods, and holding in the waning moments to stave off an inspired Trade rally. The Blue opened the scoring on a quick flip by John McLean and continued their onslaught relentlessly until they had fashioned an insurmountable lead. Scoring for the Blue were John McLean, who turned in a hat-trick; Rich Connolly, who tallied twice; young Bill McLean with one goal, Larry Walker, and Capt. Joe DiCicco. This convincing win further strengthened the E.H.S. claim to the City League supremacy.

E.H.S. 10, Dorchester 1

The Blue romped to an easy 10-1 victory over perennially hapless Dot., and seemingly scored at will. The outcome was never in doubt, as the swift skating English sextet fired relentlessly at the bewildered Dot goalie. The English scorers in the first period were Rich Connolly, Paul Flynn and Steve Carroll. The onslaught continued into the second stanza and saw Carroll, Walker, Sweeney and DiCicco "light the lamp". In the third period Flynn, Walker and Sweeney all scored for the second time. The Blue played brilliantly and smothered the Dot attack successfully throughout the contest.

E.H.S. 4, B.C. 1

English continued its winning ways by stopping B.C. High, 4-1. The Blue controlled play from the outset and constantly kept the action in the Eaglet end of the rink for the better part of the game. However, on the few occasions when the vaunted B.C. High attack developed, brilliant junior goalie Sullivan was equal to the task with innumerable fine saves, several on the spectacular side. The defensive work of the Blue backliners, Captain DiCicco and Bill McMann was excellent as was the effective backchecking by the forwards. The results of this game indicated that E.H.S. was the equal of any of its City League contemporaries and should have been making a determined bid for first place.



E.H.S. 2, Technical 1

In one of the most exciting contests witnessed at the Arena in many a day, the determined forces of E.H.S. turned back a stubborn Tech High six on a sparkling final period tally by hustling John McLean. His clutch score dissolved a 1-1 stalemate which had existed from the first period when Captain DiCicco opened the scoring by whistling a drive past the partially screened Tech goalie. This score was offset by Technical in the same period. The game was hotly disputed throughout a scoreless second period which was highlighted by the performance of goalie Sullivan and the entire English squad. Credit must be accorded the fine Tech squad which displayed its fighting spirit even in defeat.

E.H.S. 5, Trade 1

E.H.S. scored its fifth victory without a loss by trouncing a game Trade sextet, 5-1. In the opening stanza Rich "Reggie" Connolly and Steve Carroll scored quickly to set the tempo for the Blue marksmen. Captain Joe DiCicco notched a singleton midway through the second frame and Larry Walker

scored a pair of quick goals to ice the verdict in the same period. A tremendous exhibition of goal tending was displayed by young Sullivan throughout the contest, as he was called upon to make several fine saves in the third period, much to the chagrin of the Trade skaters. It was a fine overall performance by the team and was an indication that this same hustling attitude would bring English High School the coveted City Crown this season.

E.H.S. 7, Dot 0

For the second time this season, the Blue crushed an undermanned Dot sextet, this time by a score of 7 to 0. By taking the initiative and controlling the puck for the greater portion of the opening period, E.H.S. successfully demoralized its opponent, and coasted to an easy victory. Steve Carroll flashed flawless form and in so doing registered the coveted "hat trick". He was ably complemented by John McLean, and Paul Flynn, each of whom tallied twice to round out the scoring. E.H.S. constantly pressed the attack and bombarded the beleaguered Dot goalie seemingly at will. By complementing a formidable offense with a stalwart defense, the Blue refused to allow Dot to mount an offensive. So successfully did they accomplish this end that the goalie, Mike Sullivan, occasionally had to pinch himself in order to escape the throes of somnolence.

B.C.H. 5, E.H.S. 3

The Blue victory skein was abruptly halted at 7 games by the smooth skating Eaglets six. B.C. High tallied first shortly after the opening whistle and hung tenaciously to this slim lead throughout the period. The Eaglets struck again early in the second period, but the score was quickly offset by an English marker notched by John McLean. The game continued to be a see-saw battle for the remainder of



the second period. However, at the outset of the third period, the roof fell in on E.H.S. as B.C. registered three quick goals to open an unbreachable margin. Still game, the "Boys in Blue" battled gamely to score two goals in the waning moments of play by Captain DiCicco and high-scoring John McLean, but the rally fell short; and as the buzzer sounded, English had suffered its first defeat of the season. As a result of this game, the English lead in the city was reduced to a scant one point.

E.H.S. 4, Latin 0

Against traditional rival Boston Latin School, the precision skating Blue icemen administered a decisive 4 to 0 whitewashing. Defenseman Billy McMann opened the scoring early in the first period by firing the disc past the sprawling Latin goalie from just inside the Blue line.

Steve Carroll notched a second tally with a pretty goal on an assist from McMann. The "mighty mite", Paul Flynn, scored at the close of the second period to boost the English lead to three goals. The final

marker was registered by Joe DiCicco, with but a minute left to go. English clearly dominated play with their aggressive and hustling tactics together with fine defensive work. This victory kept the Blue on top of the City League standings with a fine 7-1-1 record.

E.H.S. 2, Trade 1

Again the Blue Bombers combined a versatile attack and solid defense to defeat a game Trade sextet, 2 to 1. The score was hardly indicative of the play as E.H.S. clearly dominated the play throughout the game and applied constant pressure on the beleaguered Trade goalie. Credit must be accorded to that fearless stalwart who withstood the onslaught and held the Blue dreadnought to a scant two goals. Scoring for the Blue were John McLean, who tallied in the first period, and Joe DiCicco who notched the clincher with time running out in the second period. This victory was the eighth for E.H.S., and indicated that this season was to be the most successful for the Blue in recent years.

Indoor Track

by WALTER W. J. MORGAN, '65

Once again under the able assistance of Mr. Gillis the English High Track Team entered upon another indoor season.

This year, as in other years, our strength was mainly shown in our experienced Seniors. Several Juniors, including Gregory Jones in the dash; Michael Roberts, Joseph Prince, and Donald Ray in the 300; Cecil Saunders and Arturo Oliviera in the 1000; and Bruce Lehean in the mile, helped comprise the strong backbone of our team.

THE SEASON'S RECORD

English 145, Tech 68

In this first meet English swamped Tech which had always been a strong team to handle. This meet saw English take six 1st places in Class "A". The 1st place winners were Azell Martin, hurdles; Johnny Morris, 300; Charlie Davis, dash; Eric Newbold, 1000; Neal Wolf, mile; Morris Davis, Walter Myers and Martin running the relay.

English 171, Dorchester 60, Trade 50

Here again English chalked up another victory. This time English took seven 1st places in the Class "A" running events. They were Martin, hurdles; Morris, 300; Rupert Leonard, 600; Newbold, 1000; Robert Maffeo, mile; Walter Morgan, 2 mile; Myers, Leonard, Davis, and Martin running the relay.

B. A. A.

Rindge Tech 16 1/5, English 16

Here in the first major meet of the year English met defeat by only a fraction. Special credit should be given to the young men of English who tried in vain to capture this championship. They were James Bailey, high jump, 1st place; Rupert Leonard, 600, 2nd place; Azell Martin, hurdles, 5th place; Martin, Leonard, Michael Roberts, and Charlie Davis, 2 lap relay, 1st place; Johnny Morris, Walter Myers, Eric Newbold, and Philip Harris, one mile relay, 5th place.

English 120 1/2, Latin 119 1/2

Here English got as big a shock as in the B.A.A. Remembering past meets with Latin, we entered the Armory pretty cocky. But we left realizing that Latin wasn't as much of a pushover as we had figured. English took six 1st places in the Class "A" running events. The winners were Martin, hurdles; Morris, 300; Leonard, 600; Newbold, 1000; Morgan, 2 mile; Morris, Joe Prince, Myers, and Leonard running the relay.

STATE MEET

English 28 1/2, Rindge 21

Many say that revenge is sweet, and in this meet

revenge was one of the sweetest things English could ask for. English had made up for the B.A.A. loss by showing Rindge their heels. Credit for this championship should be given to the following: James Bailey, high jump, tie for 1st; Charlie Davis, dash, 1st place; Azell Martin, hurdles, 2nd place; Michael Roberts, 300, 2nd; Johnny Morris, 300, 4th; Rupert Leonard, 600, 1st; Leonard, Morris, Roberts and Martin, relay, 2nd place.

Andover 47, English 45, Tech 4

This meet saw English losing by a mere 2 points. 1st place winners were Martin, hurdles; Davis, dash; Leonard, 600 and high jump.

English 144 1/6, Latin 121 1/3, Tech 61 1/2

English didn't have too much trouble taking this meet although they had entered the running events, trailing by 9 points, after field events. There were

five 1st place winners in the Class "A" running events. They were Morris, 300; Leonard, 600; Arturo Oliveira, 1000; Morgan, 2 mile; Mario Caporale, Prince, Myers, and Harris running the relay.

CITY MEET

English 138 1/2, Latin 95, Tech 68

English took this championship with ease, entering the running events with a 10-point lead from field events. First place winners for the Class "A" events were Bailey and Leonard, high jump, tie for 1st; Tom Ferrent, shot-put; Martin, hurdles; Donald Ray, 300; Newbold, 1000; Newbold, Gregory Jones, Caporale, and Myers on the relay.

With only one meet left, the Reggies, it would appear that the strong English team will take this, and end the indoor season with State, City, and Reggie Championships.

Swimming

by ROBERT J. JOYCE, '65

Photographs by ROBERT J. KURITSKY, '65

This year's team ranks with the best in the school's history. A group of seniors, who have the habit of copping first place at almost every outing, shows the English swimmers as being possibly the fastest in the state.



Bill Wadman, a senior backstroker, who holds the state records in both the 100 yard backstroke and the 200 yard individual medley has been rated the best in New England and is now shooting for All-American status, which would rank him among the top twenty in the country. The team's freestyle needs are being met by Tom Legge, who recently broke the

school record for the 100 yard freestyle and has remained undefeated in over a year of league competition; and by Bob Joyce who is a consistent winner in both the 50 yard and 200 yard freestyle. Joe Hughes, who was a fast freestyle sprint man last year, has been converted to breaststroke this year and is also undefeated. Butterfly comes under the domain of Mike Donahue, who figures to place in the state meet this year and who extends the list of undefeated lettermen still further. These seniors along with juniors like Jim Kelly, the best diver in the state, and Jerry Brack, a backstroke standout, form the first string of this year's squad.

In the first weeks of the season the team was plagued by a lack of depth with which to back up the starters and to fill out relays. This problem has been greatly reduced since coach Dan Tarpey began daily practices at 7:30 A.M. before school. These workouts have uncovered a lot of hidden talent which has since proved quite reliable in dual competition. This needed depth is coming from freestylers Bill Kearns, Walt Ferreira, Don Doenges, George Krasowski, Bernie Tarpey, Bill Ryle, Steve Jenkins, Tom Gadowski, John O'Connor, Paul McLaughlin and George Celia; from breast-strokers Phil DeSimone, Mile Daley and Les Bingham and from divers Joe Zuffante and Bob Fleming.

(Continued on page 26)

The Annual Thanksgiving Day Program

by GEORGE M. SACCO, '65

This year the Drill Team was led by Cadet Captain George M. Sacco under the supervision of Captain Robert Fisher. Cadet Sacco, who had been given command of the Drill Team at Prize Drill last year, was assisted by Lieutenants James DiMinico and Alan Starr. These men drilled the new recruits in the spring of 1964 in order to build a nucleus for the members that would join in the fall. Practices ended a few weeks before the close of school in June and were resumed in mid-September after the call for new recruits had been issued.

The new recruits were drilled by Lieutenants DiMinico and Starr. When the new men were ready for the Thanksgiving Day program, they were turned over to Cadet Sacco, who was advised by Captain Robert Fisher. The program was different from that of previous years, but the boys learned quickly. The practices rolled by very fast, especially because Mother Nature had allowed the weather to be good.

Thanksgiving Day approached fast. The days were mostly sunny; but the night before the game, it began to rain. It rained all night; and when dawn broke, it was still raining hard; however, the rain ceased about two hours before the game. The Drill Team met at Harvard Stadium at 8:30 A.M. for pre-game practice and inspection. Upon their arrival at Harvard Stadium, a light mist was falling, which ended prior to the opening exercises.

The Pre-Game Exercises consisted of the Drill Team and the Band lining up on the goal line for the National Anthem. When this exercise was com-

pleted, the Drill Team was dismissed until half-time. The members of the team were called to the field ten minutes before the end of the 2nd Quarter, and the Drill Team formed on the goal line. Cadet Captain Sacco and Lieutenants DiMinico and Starr took their positions in front of the team.

Cadet Sacco called the team to attention after the Latin School team had finished its routine. A signal was given to the English High School drummers, and the Drill Team was off. The team proceeded down the field in a double "V" formation. At mid-field the Drill Team was halted. Amid the cheers and yells of the enthusiastic English High School fans the remaining parts of the routine were completed. The finale of the performance was a combined effort of the Drill Team and the Band. The two units formed a big "E", and the Band played the "Alma Mater". The Drill Team and Band left the field in the big "E" formation.

The Thanksgiving Day Program turned out to be one of the best ever performed by the Drill Team. Upon returning to the stands to view the last half of the football game, many compliments were handed to the Drill Team. Among the persons who complimented the Drill Team were Dr. Joseph L. Malone, headmaster of the English High School, and Captain Robert Fisher, Military Drill Instructor of the English High School. Dr. Malone upon complimenting the Drill Team presented to its members an official English High School tie. To the members of the Drill Team this was a great honor.

Swimming

(Continued from page 25)

As a whole the team has done very well, with an 8 and 0 record in league contests with only two dual meets remaining. For the first seven of these victories the team was held in check and took only enough points to win and give the underclassmen a chance to gain experience. But, against unlucky Waltham High, English went fast and took every first place to win, 73-22.

The Eastern Mass. Championships and the Mass. State Championships are yet to come but the English mermen figure to do well in both.

EASTERN MASS. LEAGUE RESULTS

English 50	Malden 45
English 52	Brookline 43
English 55	Catholic Memorial 40
English 70	Cambridge Latin 58



English 74	Rindge Teach. 21
English 50	Brockton 45
English 55	Lynn English 40
English 73	Waltham 22
	Wellesley
	Boston Latin

JACOB

(Continued from page 11)

Arnold was about 35 years old — 15 years older than Jacob. He was the most sophisticated and perceptive person Jacob knew. And he knew Jacob better than most people did. "Jacob," Arnold had said, "I remember when I lived in the next building over from you—you were about 5 or 6. Anyway, I noticed how you were always striking out when you and your friends played stick-ball. Whenever you did hit the ball, you'd half-heartedly run the bases and manage to get yourself tagged. And then there was that ice-cream man. Every day you'd chase him, but never catch up with him. You never really wanted to, did you, Jacob?" Yes, Arnold knew him well, all right.

He walked for about a half hour along the Charles River. He wasn't being introspect, nor was he contemplating aspects of the universe — he was just walking. He stopped off at a grocery store and bought some food and cigarettes and pipe tobacco. Bouillon cubes! he thought, I'll get some bouillon cubes for Arnold. With them Arnold would make broth, and then eat it with bread. It was funny how he thought of it like that.

The next stop was Moneypenny. "Good morning, Mr. Moneypenny." The old patron was admiring a set of prints that he had just received through the mail. His spectacles were always streaked and smudged, making it possible for him to see a unique tone and movement in otherwise totally uninteresting paintings. The old vendor was always sharp with Jacob as indeed he was with everybody. "What! Again? Every Saturday you come, you toy with my brushes, you smudge my fine prints, you pull everything down from my top shelf, and then you buy a refill for your watercolors or a point for your pen, and leave. Is there nowhere else on this block where your grotesque feet could dry just as well?"

"Hah! Today I'll surprise you. Here's five dollars for one of your large pads of Ingres paper."

"Five? Seven."

"Seven? A dollar for every decade that you've had them?"

"Seven." Now he was leafing through the Ingres, running his fingers over the rough grain. "The finest charcoal and red chalk, the most inspired imagination and impeccable draughtsmanship are like untried soldiers in need of a battle-field. Seven."

Jacob knew that to become disinterested was the only way to bring down the price. "All right then, we'll forget it," he announced while surveying a file box of pen points.

"So we shall," returned Moneypenny.

"I guess I'll take four of these points."

"You would have ruined every sheet anyway."

"What? Oh, I don't know."

"I do. Yes sir, every sheet. Why, if I thought that you might make 3 decent pictures out of the whole pad, I'd let you have it for \$4."

"Four, eh? What if I shouldn't turn out 3 that would meet your requirements?"

"Why I'd have your I.O.U. for another \$4."

"OK, Moneypenny, would you get me some paper for an I.O.U."

"Here you are. And of course I'd have my choice of one to hang in my store."

"Of course."

And so Jacob left, hopeful of making Moneypenny regret the bargain by producing at least 3 worthy examples of his talent. Moneypenny, on the other hand, secretly hoped that at least one of his young customers might have enough talent to be recognized some day, and of them all, Jacob was the one who had most tolerated the harassing proprietor. He's not such a bad boy, thought Moneypenny. Perhaps a little arrogant at times, but young artists have the right to be arrogant. Guess they need it to keep them going.

Jacob rushed back to his apartment full of ideas and eager to start work on his new paper. The broad pad of Ingres was like a sail helping him to glide over the frozen pavement. Gathered here and there, leaning on shovels or balancing them on their shoulders, were the young and old men of the vicinity. They were more interested in neighborly conversation than in snow-free sidewalks. Their reddened faces greeted him cheerfully and shared his excitement for the few moments that he stopped to talk with them.

As Jacob bounded up the stairs of the dark hallway, he recognized a peculiar but familiar odor. At first he couldn't remember exactly why this musky aroma was so significant to him, but as he opened his door he realized what it was. Sitting at the kitchen table was a huge figure inhaling deeply from a large-bowled meerschaum pipe. The visitor was with his back to the door, facing Willum, leaning comfortably on his fleshy elbows. The distinct smell of his pipe mixture and his deeply mellow voice formed a vast aura which cocooned this philosopher and extended him beyond the limits of his body, making any room seem too small to confine him. His hair, chestnut brown, fell freely to the left and then curved up to fasten just behind his ear. His eyes were free from heavy lash or brow, and always in a state of cheerful squinting, causing premature crows' feet to form at their corners.

"'Home is the hunter,'" bellowed Arnold, "and

(Continued on page 28)

The Apparition

by WILLIAM L. LEVINE, '66

I sat alone on a rock. My head rested upon my knee, and my feet lay buried up to the ankles in the mire at the base of the rock. A small stream ran along the ground about two yards from my feet. I had come here to think, to let my mind escape from the tension of reality, and to slip into the world of fantasy, the dream world. People call me a dreamer, and perhaps you would call dreaming my profession.

After having sat for an hour or so, occupying myself by watching the waters of the brook tumble over the tiny stones whose intent, it seemed, was to impede the progress of the stream, I happened to glance upward. About fifty yards downhill, a young girl was picking flowers. She was a Ligeia; her beauty was comparable to that of the goddess Venus. The hair on her head was composed of thousands of silken threads which reflected the sunlight in all directions.

Her arms were long and slender, and the curves of her body were full and enticing. She must have come when I was involved in my meditations.

I got up from the rock and started toward the maiden, but she saw me and, perhaps startled upon seeing me, she became panic-stricken and began to run away. I called to her, but she seemed afraid and kept on running. I ran after her and tried to catch up to her, but this sylvan nymph eluded my grasp. I stumbled and fell.

Looking up, I saw that she was gone; the field and the bubbling stream were also gone, and instead of on the rough ground, I was lying on the flat concrete floor of the room to which I am confined. The same dull walls, the same heavy metal bars traversing the window. I spat in disgust.

JACOB

(Continued from page 27)

victor of the vicious battle with that bear called Money-penny, I see."

"And home is the sailor, home from the sea," laughed Jacob, eagerly clasping his friend's large hand. "How long have you been sitting here? Why didn't you let me know you were coming so early? You look wonderful, Arnold."

"I thought I'd surprise you, Jacob. I can't stay long, though. There are so many people I have to see. Tell me what you've been doing; I can tell you about my adventures at my house tonight."

"I really have nothing much to tell. Did you see the portrait that I'm doing now of Willum?"

"Yes. It's good, Jacob. When will it be finished?"

"I don't know when I'll complete it. It's good so far but I might ruin it the way I ruined those." He pointed to several pictures hanging on the opposite wall.

"Ruin? Why Jacob, those are fine pieces. When you look at one of your paintings at the half-way mark, you see its potential as a masterpiece, and therefore you expect to develop it into a masterpiece, as though you had reached your capacity at twenty. If Rembrandt

were alive and you were to contest with him in painting my portrait, the preliminary placement and drawing of my head would probably be done equally well by both of you. Only as the painting progressed would his superiority become increasingly noticeable. Years ago your inexperience was obvious at the one-quarter mark. Today it's at the half-way mark. In time you may be a true artist. But it does take time, Jacob. You want too much too soon."

Jacob knew it in his mind, but not in his heart. Arnold had compared him to a tree that is too eager to see its brown buds reach out, and grow strong and green instead of relishing each stage of its growth. They talked for a while longer before Arnold departed, leaving Jacob and Willum alone.

"Willum," announced Jacob, "I think we'll finish that portrait tonight, OK?"

"You had me worried, I didn't think you'd ever get around to finishing it."

"I know. I didn't think so either — until tonight."

"You baffle me sometimes, boy. Know that? You really do. Yes, sir."

Mediterranean Voyage

(Continued from page 13)

"To give you a seat, of course," replied the Athenian.

"Why should you want to give me a seat?"

"Because you are old and obviously need a . . ."

"Eh! What did you call me! . . . Old! There! Take that!", yelled the peasant, and began to beat the younger man with an oak cane as gnarled as himself. By this time, the white haired driver had stopped the bus and naturally taken the side of the villager. Meanwhile, a shepherd who was leading his flock along the dusty road we were following, had seen the bus stop and entered to investigate. The shepherd immediately took the side of the younger man. Now a furor raged for half an hour and was finally resolved in the following manner: The peasant apologized to the young Athenian for having beaten him, and the Athenian promised he would first cordially ask all standers in the future if they wanted to sit!

But this was only a slight diversion, and now, in the midday heat, the scorching sun had numbed us all into a lethargic, feverish daze. Meanwhile, the bus was slowly and tortuously winding its way up steep Mt. Parnis. About three-fourths of the way up we all were struck in the face by a cool and delightfully long lasting breeze. Sighs of relief emitted from the bus. It was chilly now; we seemed to have entered another world, and a castle-like, foreboding inn that loomed ahead added to this belief. We alighted on the ground at the top of the mountain to find ourselves knee-high in mist — a white, mysterious fog

that made every step an adventure. A solemn little boy greeted us and led us through the cavernous door of the inn and into its lofty hall. We cautiously advanced. Our steps were soon arrested, however, and our eyes riveted on the innkeeper, a woman — the most striking woman I have ever seen in my life. Her classic face would have made her the envy of any actress, but in truth it was her glittering black eyes, her darkly luminous liquid eyes, that fascinated everyone. Even the brooding little boy seemed to be in awe of her. It was those fiery eyes that had frozen us. Their haughty, icy stare seemed to penetrate our brains and petrify our very thoughts. We had interrupted her private world — and this modern day Eustacia Vye made sure we understood that degrading fact. "Get them food, Niko," she commanded. We ate in silence and left unnoticed, but all my thoughts revolved around this woman.

As we walked to the summit, and found the tiny hamlet, Agia Trias, that could not have numbered more than ten inhabitants, the mysteriousness of the mountain was increased. In the center of "town" was a tremendous old oak whose sinuously twisted branches seemed to be clawing the wind. A white chapel, rising out of the all-engulfing mist, next caught my attention. I began to wonder about the people who attended the church. Visions of the villagers, the woman, and the dark little boy walking solemnly to the chapel flashed across my mind. But dusk was now empurpling the mountain and we descended from this chilling ethereal world to the scorching, real world of Attica. But I did not forget it. More than once I caught myself gazing at the peak of this mountain, which could easily be seen from any part of the camp.



Exchanges . . .

by ANTHONY J. MEDAIROS, '65

THE REGISTER — Boston Latin School, Boston, Massachusetts.

THE REGISTER is a credit to the scholars across the street. The REGISTER staff has skillfully found a unique balance of poetry, essays, short stories, and school news.

Of special note is a timely essay entitled *Extremism*. This is one of the few articles on extremism written since the 1964 presidential campaign which defines the subject logically and precisely.

THE JABBERWOCK — Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass.

THE JABBERWOCK is an asset to Girls' Latin School. The entire magazine is full of fine essays, poems, and articles on school activities. A particularly fine article is one entitled *Talk About Teachers* in which a short biography of each new faculty member is presented to the students. Congratulations should be given to THE JABBERWOCK for the exceptional editorial entitled *The Resurgent America*.

THE PENPOINT—Frontier Regional High School, South Deerfield, Mass.

Congratulations to Frontier Regional High School

in its new venture. THE PENPOINT is an exceptional magazine, especially since it is the first edition of a new publication.

TAM O'SHANTER — Lakeland High School, Lakeland, Florida.

TAM O'SHANTER is a school publication of the highest distinction. Seldom is seen a high school magazine of such fine literary quality.

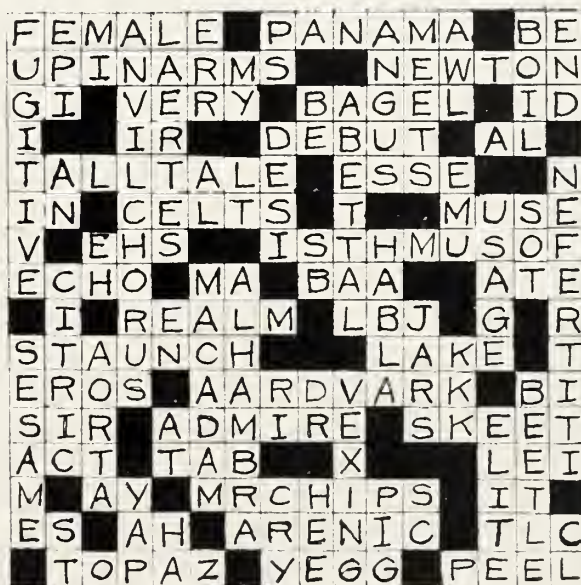
TAM O'SHANTER is an unusually large publication, forty-four pages in all, crammed with short stories, essays, and poetry. Indeed, as Lakeland High School's motto says, TAM O'SHANTER is second to none.

THE ARTISAN — Boston Technical High School, Boston, Mass.

THE ARTISAN is an excellent school news magazine. Although it devotes only a relatively few pages to literary work, it is a fine publication.

All of the articles in THE ARTISAN are well written. I especially enjoyed one entitled "A James Bond Story," a satire on the recent flood of the late Ian Flemming's works on that famed super-spy, 007.

Cross Word Puzzle Solution



Walt Whitman

Essay and drawing by JOHN T. SHEEDY, '65

"'Come," said my soul', and so Walt Whitman followed and beckoned his readers to do the same. His first and most important publication, "Leaves of Grass", is a sort of basket of home-grown fruits, produced in closeness to nature and self, ignorant of convention, and as spontaneous as the blossoming of spring lilacs. Despite the fact that Whitman himself wrote several favorable reviews of it, it was either ignored or condemned by the public because of its revolutionary nature. If it weren't for Emerson, one of the few men able to appreciate such a masterpiece, the book might never have been reprinted after its 1855 edition. He called it, "The most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed."

"Leaves of Grass" is much more than a series of "poems", it is a philosophy and even a religion almost unheard of in the Western World at the time of its publication. Whitman's ideas of knowing the universe and everything in it through knowing oneself are essentially the same as those of many Eastern philosophies, even though he knew nothing about them. And this knowledge, through oneself rather than by external means, is another important element in Whitman's religion. Whitman rediscovered ideas already nurtured by the Orientals, and it is also believed that he had a mystical experience which greatly

affected him and even brought about the forming of his "Leaves of Grass."

The main difference between Whitman's philosophies and those of the Far East is that Whitman believed in the merging of body and soul through an exposure of the senses, a lusty love for life's fruits and meats, and a passionate embracing of nature and of nature's creatures. But the Orientals numbed their senses, abstained from good food and drink, and in general tried to shrivel their physical forms in order to give their souls freedom to grow.

God to Whitman is an immense force present in every living creature and in "the grass that grows wherever the land is and the water is."

Whitman's style is a spontaneous, engrossing, and often Biblical type of free verse that surges like an impulsive rhapsody, continuously changing in tone and theme and tempo. Although occasionally weak in its transitions, "Leaves of Grass" is, as a whole, as rewarding as any of its parts. "What is the grass?", asks a child in Whitman's opening poem, "Song of Myself", and we see the heart of his theme and the essence of his ideas. The grass, basic essential of life, is, in its simplicity, the key to all life, for each blade in itself is as complete as the universe.



Honor Roll

JANUARY - FEBRUARY, 1965

MAIN BUILDING

Ronald A. Barker
Gerald M. Barron
Steven C. Baum
Thomas P. Boyle
Ronald V. Buda
Daniel G. Dallas
Norman J. Deinha
Joseph A. DiCicco
Richard J. Dimare
Laurence L. Donahue
Edward J. Frazier
Sanford W. Fisher
Marvin I. Fredberg
Robert F. Freeman
James L. Gilchrist
Steven C. Gilchrist
Lester I. Gordon
Henry Hom
Richard T. Hommel
Spencer C. Jones
James T. Kelly
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Lawrence C. Maguire
James R. McGreehan, Jr.
Donald T. McHugh
Anthony J. Medairos
Stephen J. Pacheco
David E. Pickering
Steven J. Phillips
Edward P. Rice
Chandon Roy
Jeremiah V. Russell
Dennis J. Ryan
Joseph Selevicius
Clement F. Shearer
Danny Soohoo
Richard Sosnowski
Kevin C. Sullivan
Irwin L. Swartz
Harold J. Tremonte
Paul M. Truscello
Mark J. Wessling

SOPHOMORE ANNEX

Stephen W. Campbell
Dennis A. DiCarlo
Mark F. Doran
Paul D. Feinberg
Barry J. Fiske
Edward I. Fistel
Robert R. Frasca
Arthur M. Gordon
Jonathan M. Hurwitz
Stephan W. Karthas

John H. Leary
Joseph C. Litvack
John P. Lombardo
Robert T. McInnes
Yale R. Magrass
George W. Mahnke
Larry Marshall
William J. Miceli
Robert E. Ruscetti
Ranier L. Scheer
Francis J. Sersanti
Stephen A. Siedlecki
Vincent A. Smith
Geoffrey R. Stern
Frank A. Sullivan
Frank F. Williams

FRESHMAN ANNEX

Frederick D. Bagley
Stephen M. Bicchieri
Reginald G. Bird
Robert A. Brown
Michael D. Browne
Richard K. Burrell
James J. Cassetta
Kenneth R. Chin
Robert L. Coakley
Lee E. Cofran
Thomas A. Connors
Francis T. Cullen, Jr.
Ernest S. Deeb
Jerold S. Dobrov
John M. Dunn
Kenneth R. Forte
Ronald A. Howell
Edward F. Jankowski
John A. Kaminski
Richard R. LaCasse
Daniel J. Leary
Yon G. Lee
Gregory L. Leonard
David Levenson
Leonard J. Mangone
Mark H. Manski
William H. Marranzini
Charles A. Mattera
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